

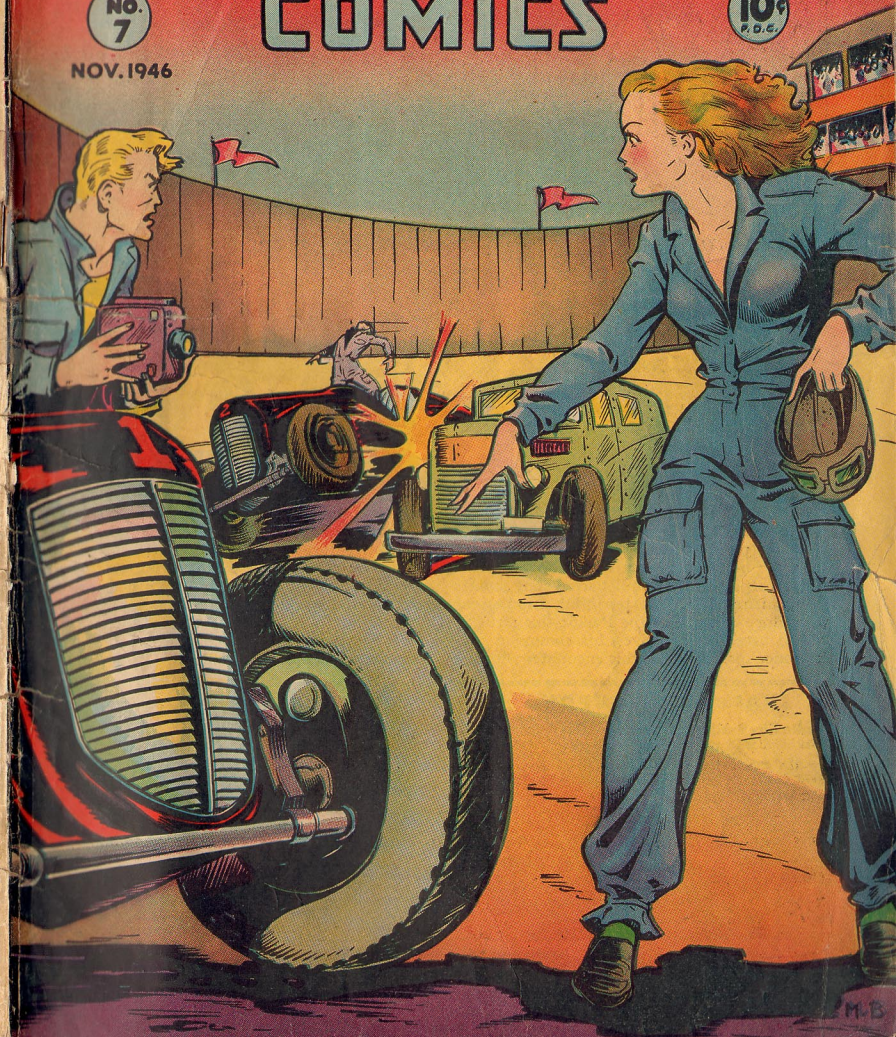
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COMICS

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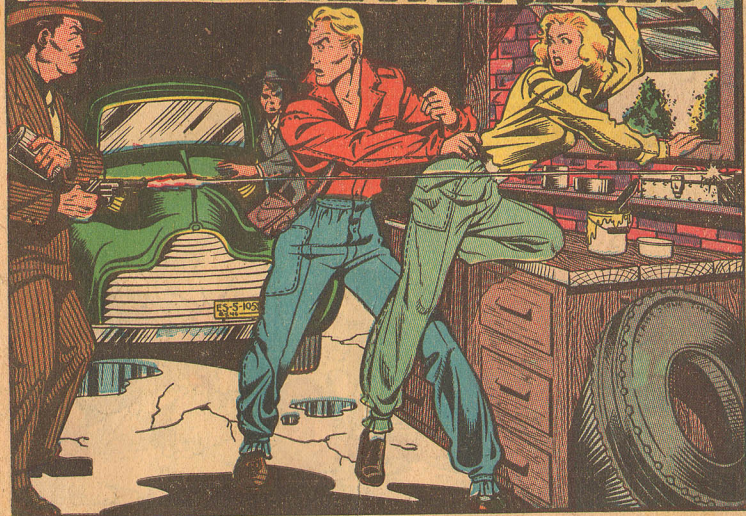
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Bob Hope says:

"I have known Jerry Colonna man and mustache for seven years, so you can understand how surprised I was when he showed me his book . . . Not many people thought Colonna could write a book, but there are two sides to the Professor. One is the zany, silly moron, and the other is a deep-thinking, serious moron. Don't get me wrong. Colonna's really got a head on his shoulders—thanks to plastic surgery . . . I'm sure you'll enjoy browsing through the melange of cartoons and memoirs which, when taken to bed, serves as a nice introduction to a nightmare." For the biggest package of surprises, chuckles, chortles and explosions you ever bought for a buck, mail the coupon now! Garden City Publishing Co., Dept. CC, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, N. Y. 20, N. Y.

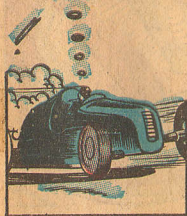


ACE OF THE NEWSREELS



SECRECY SHROUDS THE CIRCLEVILLE RACE TRACK AS A NEW ATOMIC FUEL IS TESTED.

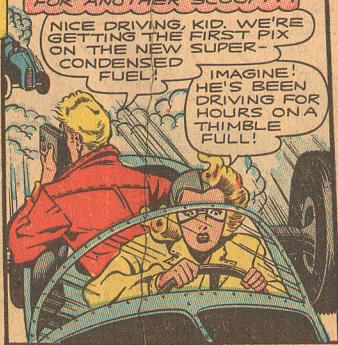
WOW! THIS FUEL IS REALLY SOMETHING!



WHILE ACE AND FOGGY WORK FOR ANOTHER SCOOP...

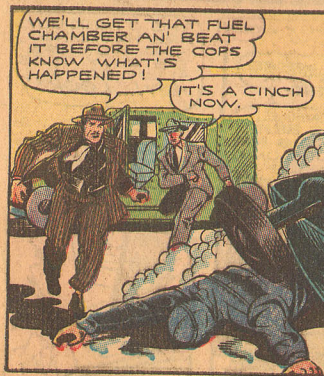
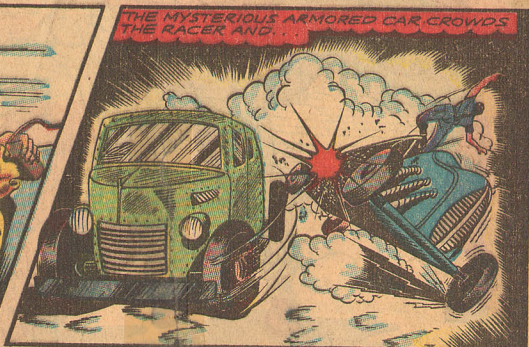
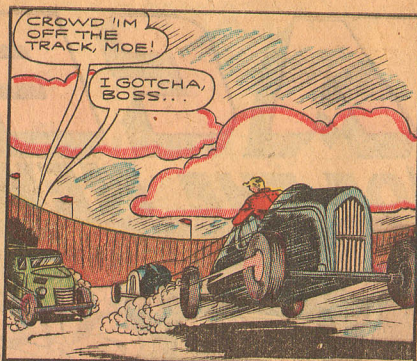
NICE DRIVING, KID. WE'RE GETTING THE FIRST PIX ON THE NEW SUPER-CONDENSED FUEL!

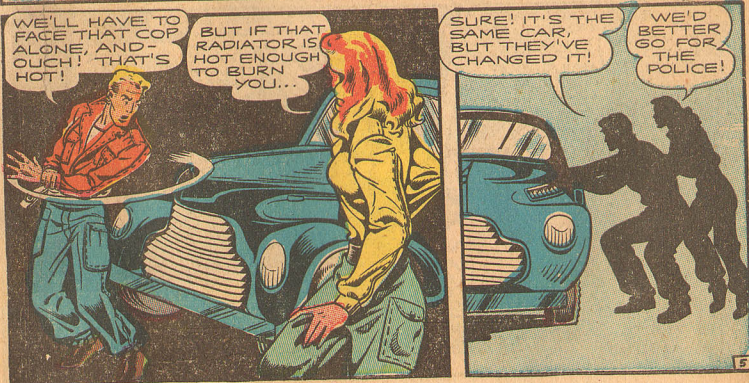
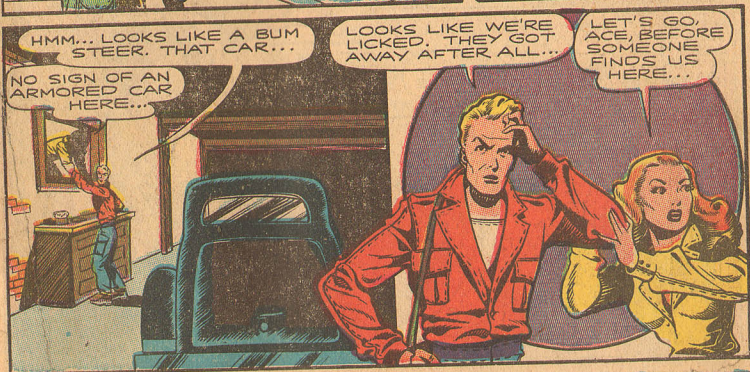
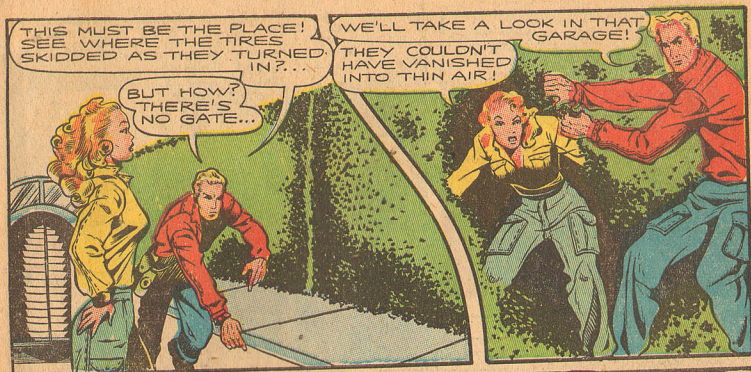
IMAGINE! HE'S BEEN DRIVING FOR HOURS ON A THIMBLE FULL!



THE OTHER BOYS ARE HOWLING MAD. WE WERE THE ONLY ONES ALLOWED IN... HEY!... LOOK!





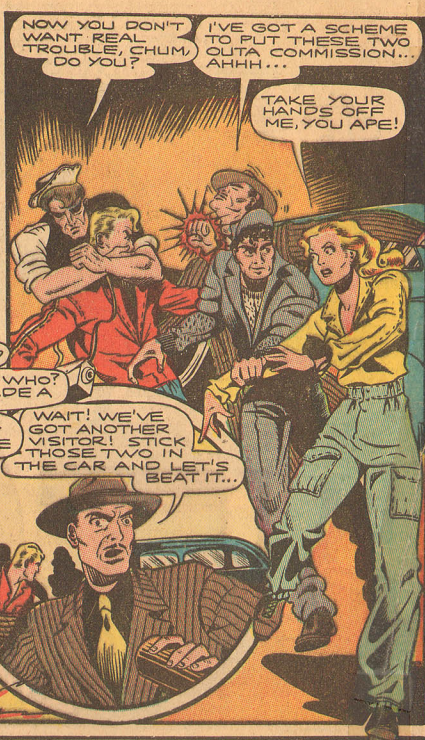




BUT AT THAT MOMENT...

YOU'RE TOO CLEVER, PAL! GRAB 'EM BOYS!

RUN FOR IT, FOGGY!



NOW YOU DON'T WANT REAL TROUBLE, CHUM, DO YOU?

I'VE GOT A SCHEME TO PUT THESE TWO OUTA COMMISSION... AH... AH...

TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF ME, YOU APE!



WHILE UPSTAIRS...

WHERE ARE THEY? I SPOTTED THAT RACING CAR IN FRONT, AND I'M GETTING THOSE TWO IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO...

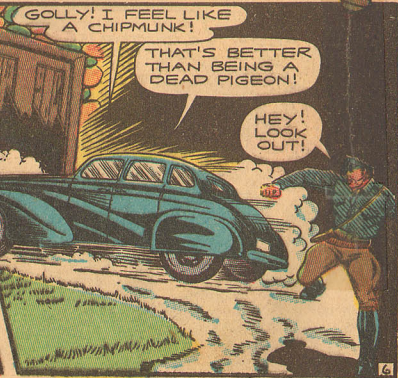
WHA... WHO? YOU'VE MADE A MISTAKE, OFFICER... THERE AIN'T NO ONE HERE BUT ME!

WAIT! WE'VE GOT ANOTHER VISITOR! STICK THOSE TWO IN THE CAR AND LET'S BEAT IT...



THEY'VE GONE! BUT WE'VE GOT TO GET HELP!

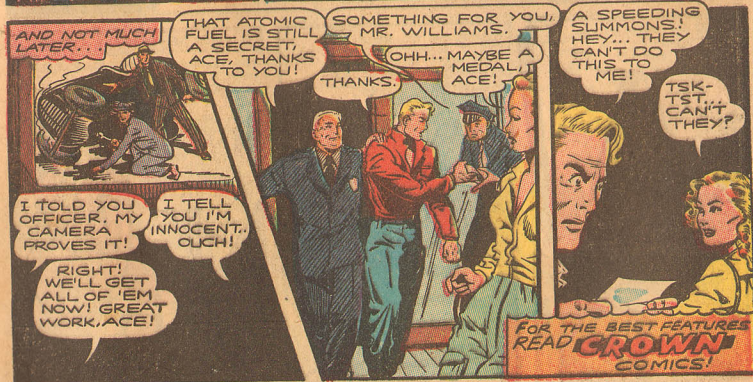
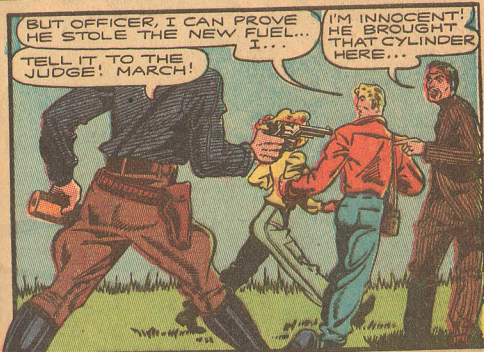
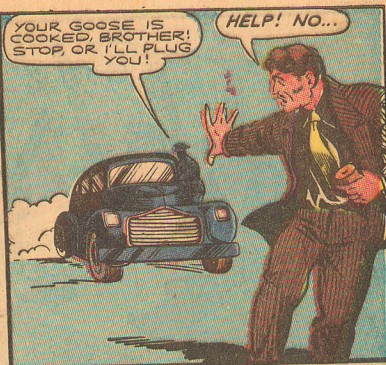
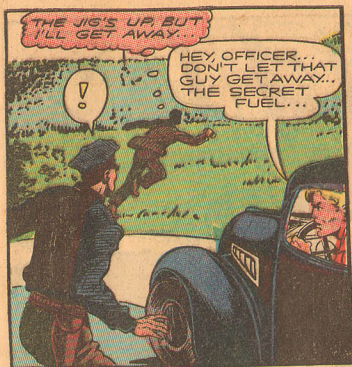
WORK FAST, FOGGY, USE YOUR TEETH AND FINGER-NAILS, BUT GET ME UNTIED!



GOLLY! I FEEL LIKE A CHIPMUNK!

THAT'S BETTER THAN BEING A DEAD PIGEON!

HEY! LOOK OUT!



CLUE KELLY

BY
KEYE
CRAIG

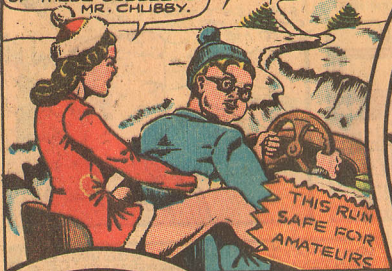


HEAVEN'S?

CHUBBY IS SOON TAKING CARE OF HIS "BUSINESS"...

HOLD TIGHT, HONEY. I'LL SHOW YOU HOW I DID IT IN THE OLYMPICS.

I HOPE YOU CAN REALLY STEER ONE OF THESE BOBSLEDS, MR. CHUBBY.



DON'T YOU WORRY, LITTLE ONE... CHUBBY'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU.



I...I... HOPE.



UHH... STEERING GEAR STIFF...

LOOK OUT! WE'LL HIT THE SNOW MAN!



OH!!!

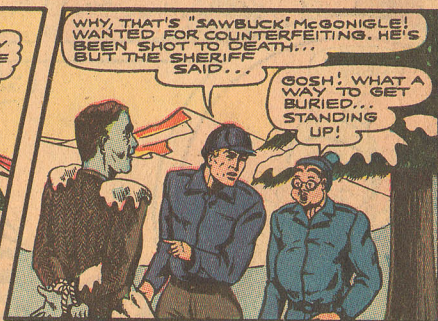
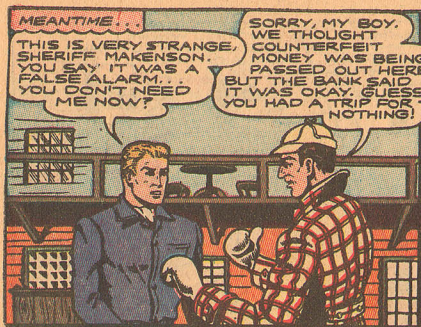
GUESS I'M OUT OF PRACTICE... GLUB!



HE... HE... IT'S A REAL MAN... BUT... HE'S... HE'S DEAD!

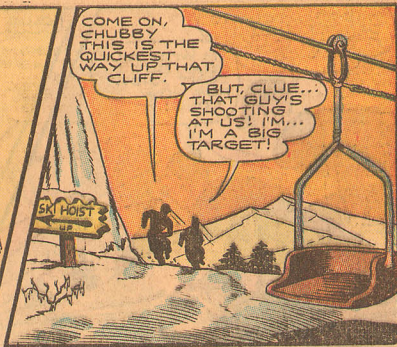
HUH? OH!!!... CLUE!





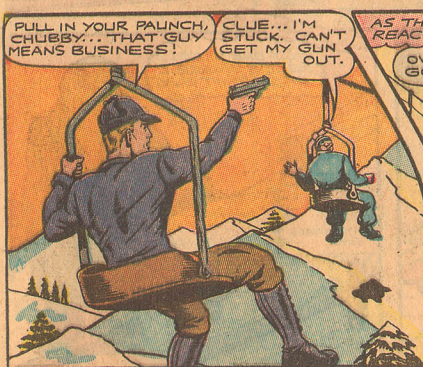


THIS'LL TEACH YOU
TO KEEP OUT OF
MY BUSINESS...



COME ON,
CHUBBY
THIS IS THE
QUICKEST
WAY UP THAT
CLIFF.

BUT CLUE...
THAT GUY'S
SHOOTING
AT US! I'M...
I'M A BIG
TARGET!



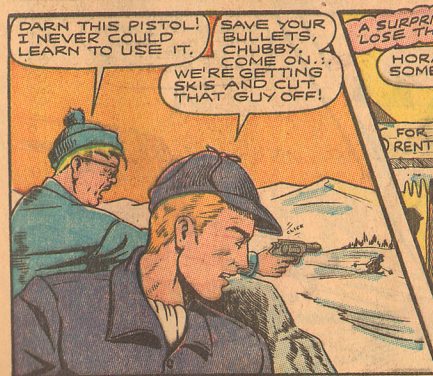
PULL IN YOUR PAUNCH,
CHUBBY... THAT GUY
MEANS BUSINESS!

CLUE... I'M
STUCK. CAN'T
GET MY GUN
OUT.

AS THEY BREATHLESSLY
REACH THE SUMMIT...

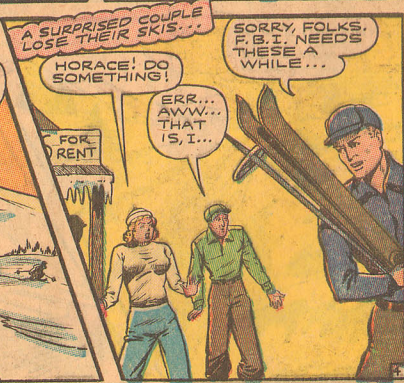
OVER HERE... WE'VE
GOT HIM CORNERED!

LET ME
SHOOT FIRST,
CLUE, I'LL
SHOW 'IM!



DARN THIS PISTOL!
I NEVER COULD
LEARN TO USE IT.

SAVE YOUR
BULLETS,
CHUBBY.
COME ON...
WE'RE GETTING
SKIS AND CUT
THAT GUY OFF!

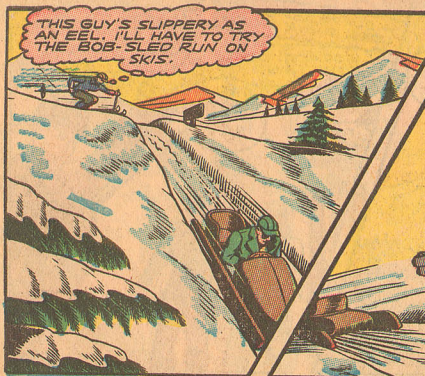
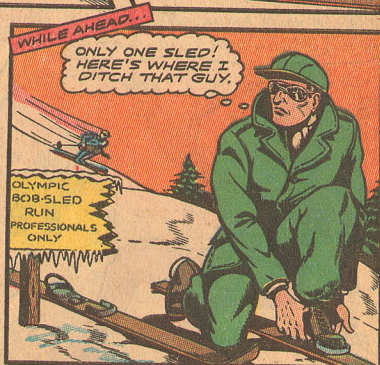


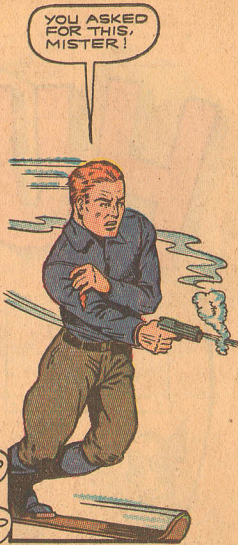
A SURPRISED COUPLE
LOSE THEIR SKIS...

HORACE! DO
SOMETHING!

SORRY, FOLKS.
F.B.I. NEEDS
THESE A
WHILE...

ERR...
AWW...
THAT
IS, I...

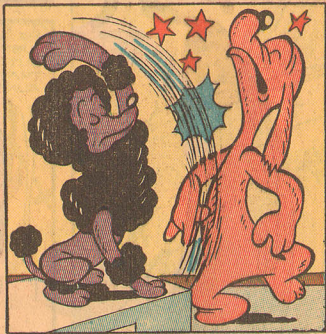
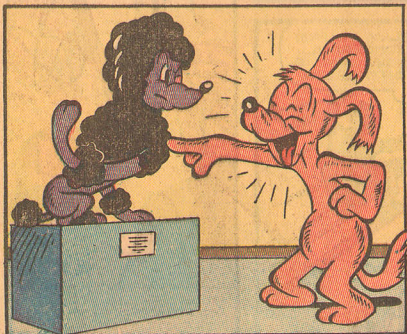
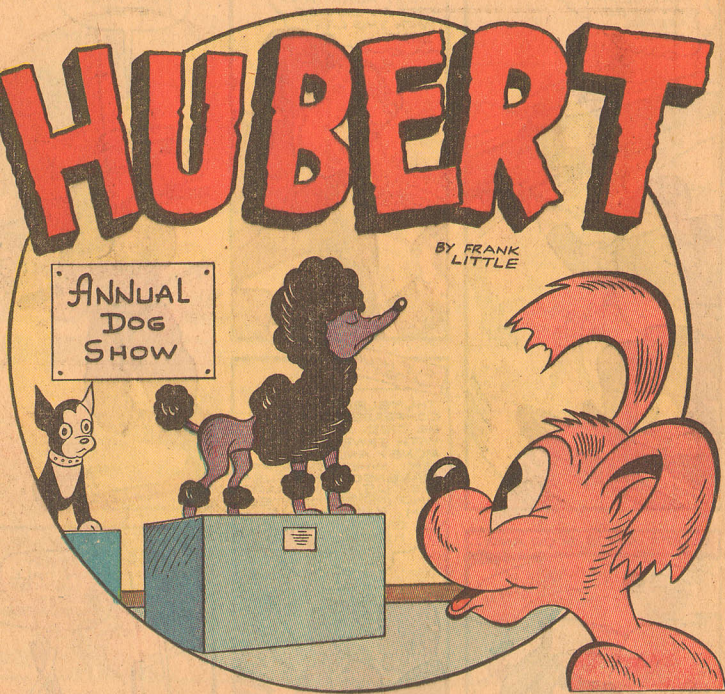


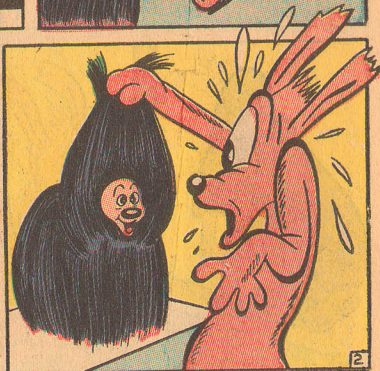
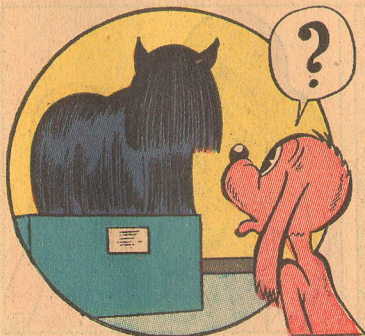
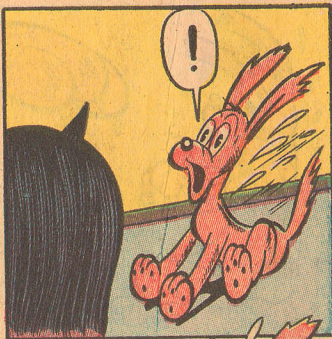
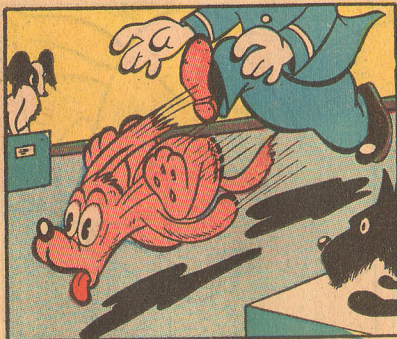
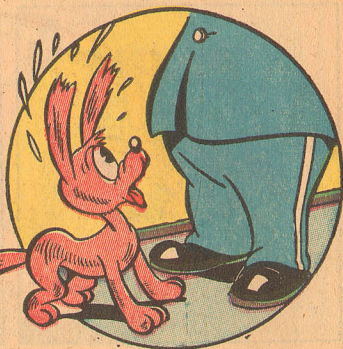
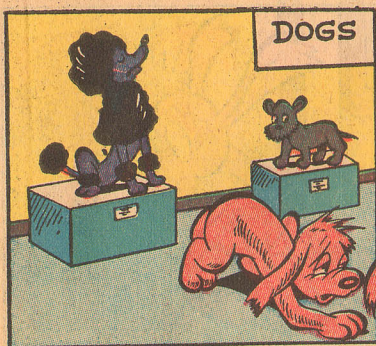


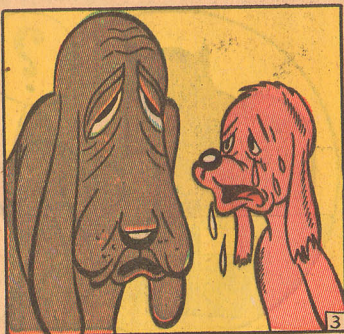
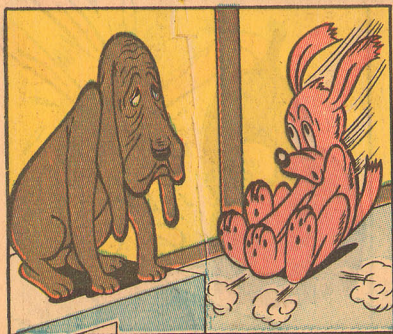
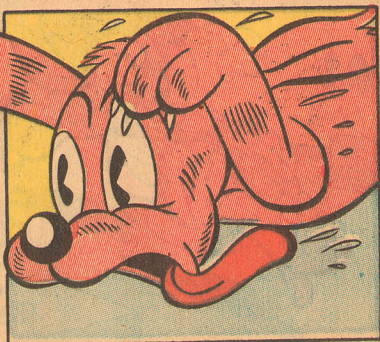
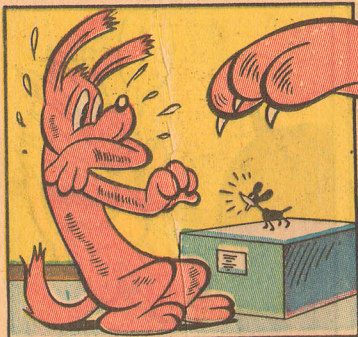
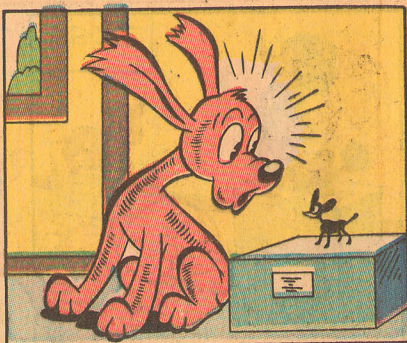
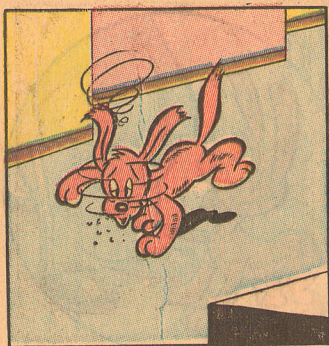
MORE OF CLUE KELLY AND CHUBBY IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF **CROWN** Comics!

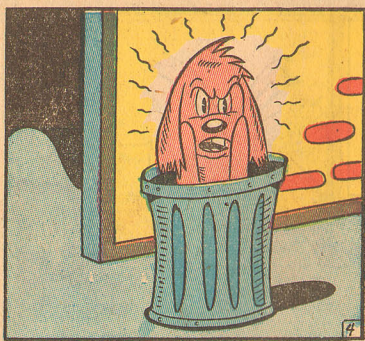
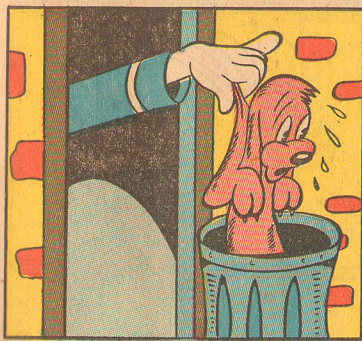
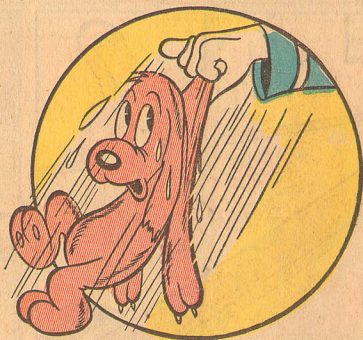
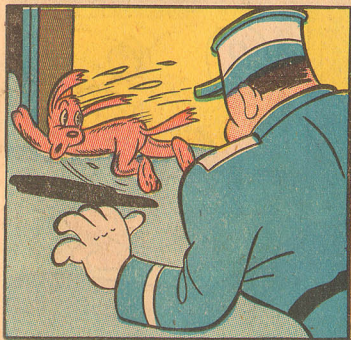
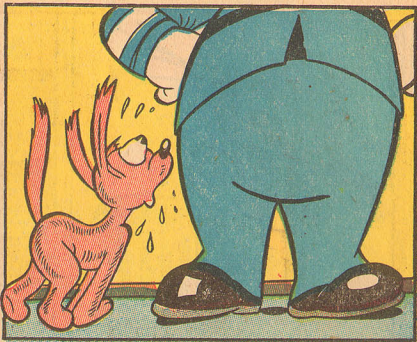
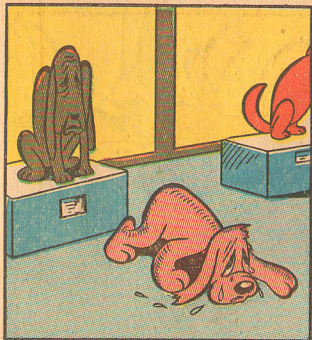
HUBERT

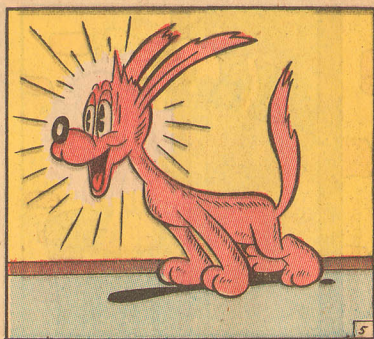
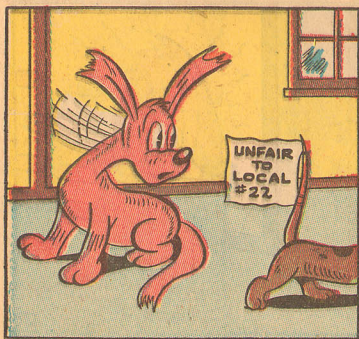
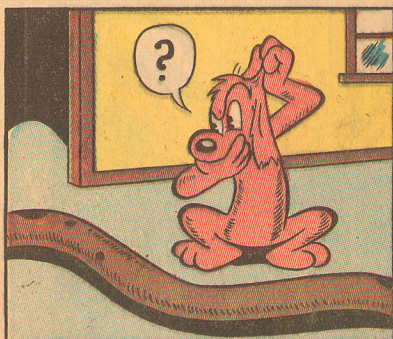
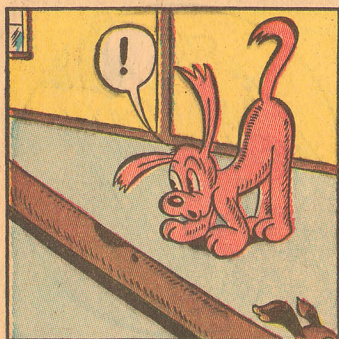
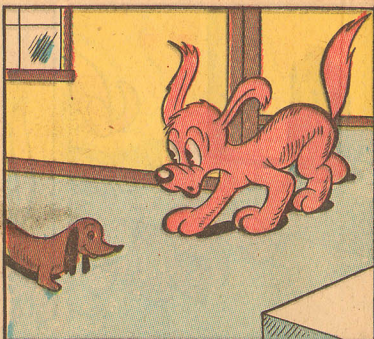
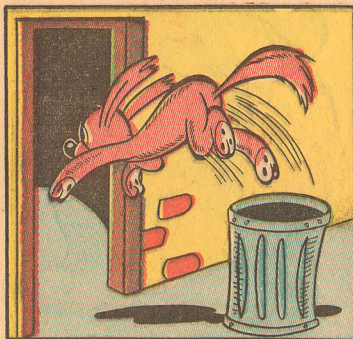
BY FRANK
LITTLE

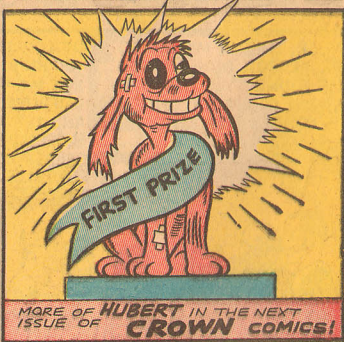
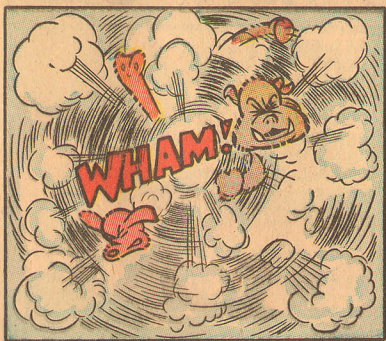
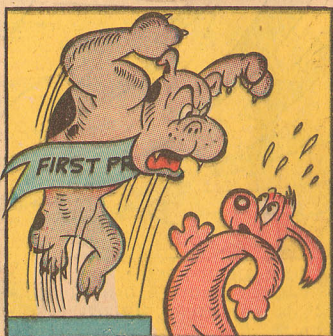
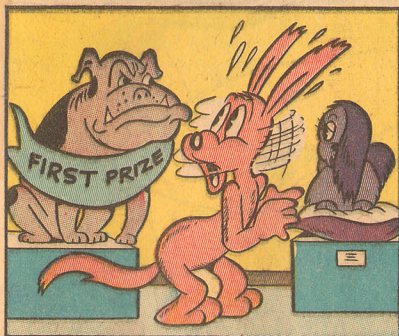
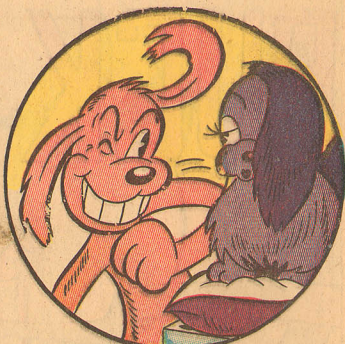
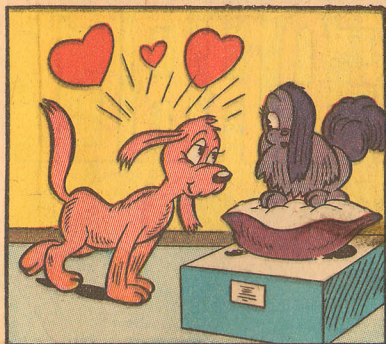






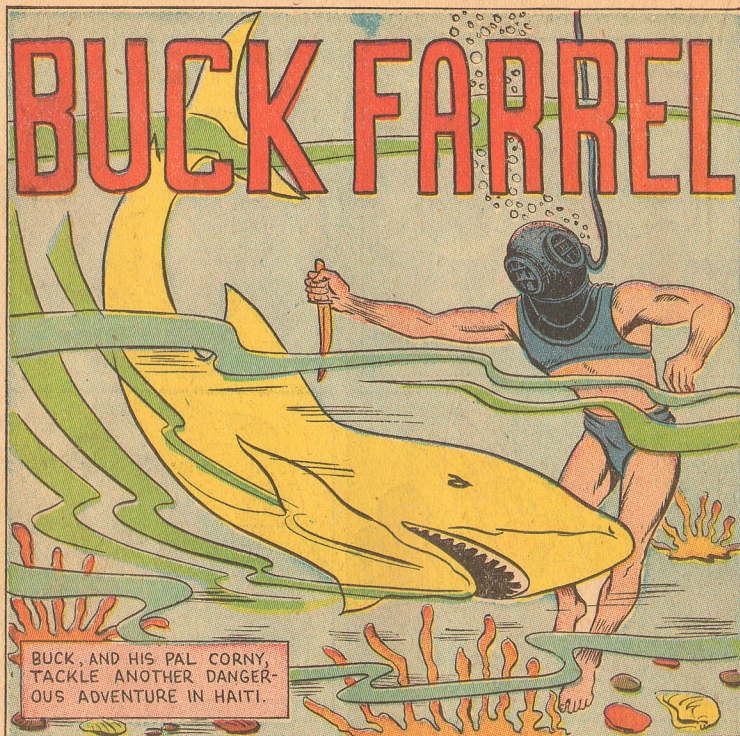






MORE OF HUBERT IN THE NEXT
ISSUE OF
CROWN COMICS!

BUCK FARREL

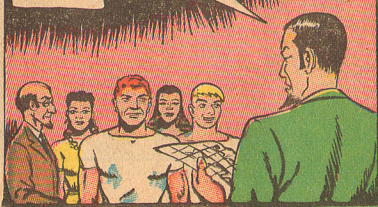


BUCK, THIS IS MY GUEST, PROFESSOR DON AMANDO. HE FOUND THIS OLD BIBLE WHICH PROBABLY ONCE BELONGED TO KING CHRISTOPHE.....

OF COURSE YOU HAVE MET MY DAUGHTER, AND THE PROFESSOR'S SECRETARY, MISS GONZALES.



BETWEEN THE COVERS HE FOUND THIS OLD MAP. IT INDICATES THAT THERE IS AN HISTORIC TREASURE BURIED BELOW THE WATER IN A HIDDEN COVE NEAR THE RUINS OF CHRISTOPHE'S CITADEL.



YOU AND CORNY ARE TO DIVE AND SEARCH FOR THE TREASURE, IN UTMOST SECRECY, OF COURSE. NO ONE HAS SEEN THIS MAP BUT THOSE PRESENT.

O.K.
C'MON
CORNBY.

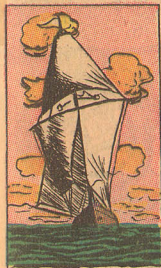


HEY! WAIT FOR ME!
NO, NO WOMEN!
OH, PLEASE, BUCK?
OH, ALL RIGHT:
WOULDN'T YOU CARE TO
GO, MISS GONZALES?

NO THANK YOU, I PROMISED MYSELF A SHOPPING TOUR TODAY.

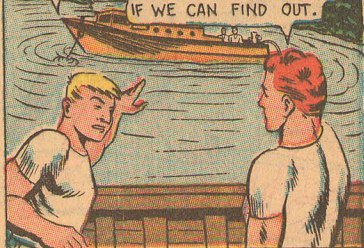


LATER BUCK HEADS FOR THE TREASURE SPOT NEAR THE RUINS OF THE ONCE POWERFUL BLACK RULER OF HAITI, WHO KILLED HIMSELF IN 1820, AND WAS SAID TO HAVE HIDDEN QUANTITIES OF GOLD.



HEY BUCK, LOOK, THERE'S SOMEONE ALREADY HERE. NOW HOW WOULD THEY KNOW ABOUT THIS?

I DON'T KNOW, LET'S SEE IF WE CAN FIND OUT.



WHO'S BOSS OF THIS RIG?

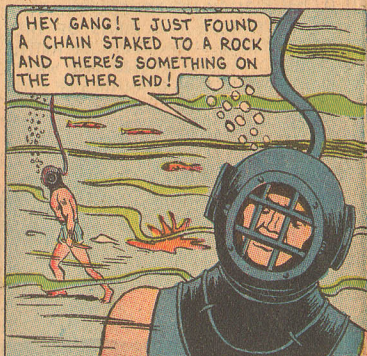
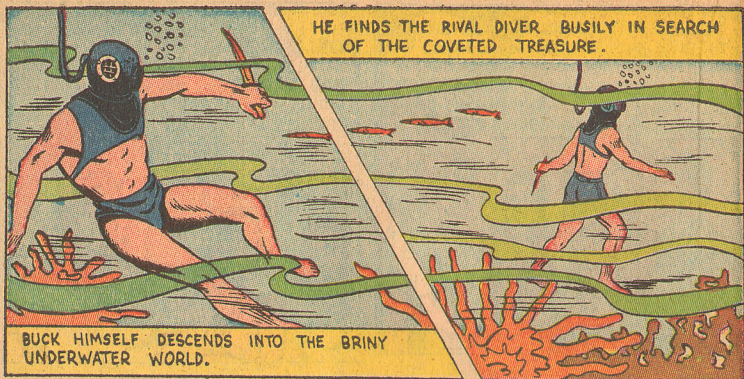
NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS—ANYHOW, WE GOT AS MUCH RIGHT HERE, AS YOU.

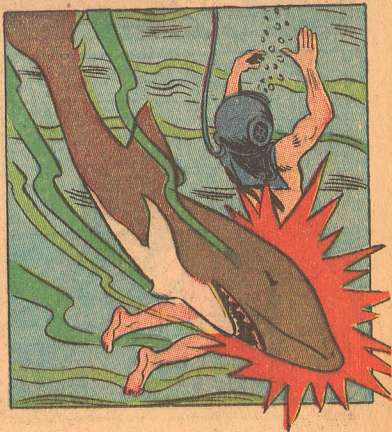
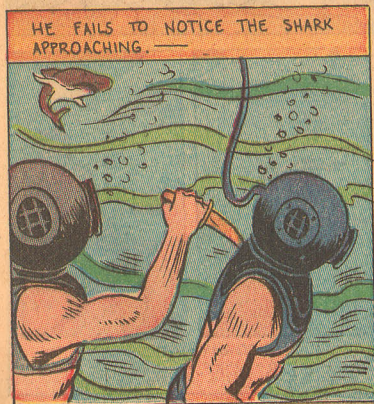
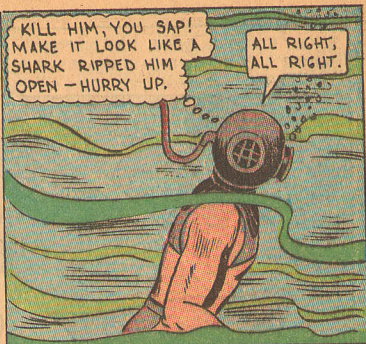
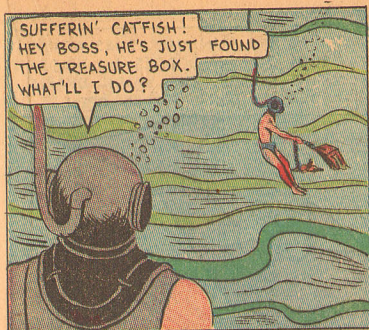


THAT'S TRUE BUT I WANT TO WARN YOU, NO FUNNY BUSINESS. WHO-EVER FINDS THE TREASURE FIRST, KEEPS IT.

THAT'S O.K. BY ME, NOW CAST OFF!



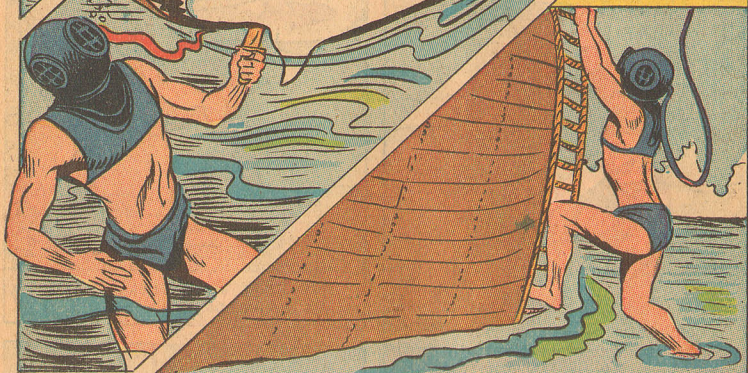




BUCK, REALIZING WHAT HAS HAPPENED WHIPS HIS KNIFE AND PREPARES FOR THE SHARK.

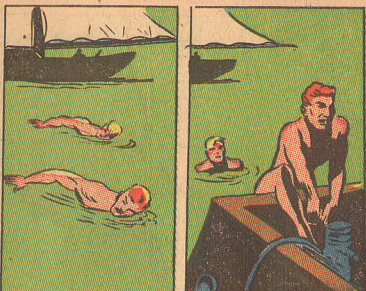
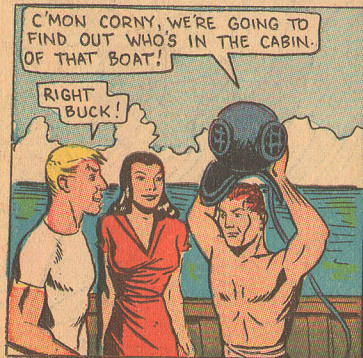
AS THE MAN-EATER FLIES AT HIM BUCK QUICKLY DODGES AND HOLDS HIS KNIFE STEADY. THE SHARK, UNABLE TO TWIST AWAY IS RIPPED OPEN.

BUCK, THEN, WASTES NO TIME. HE QUICKLY RISES TO THE SURFACE AND CLIMBS ABOARD HIS SHIP. —

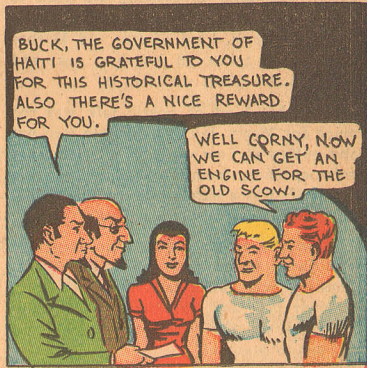
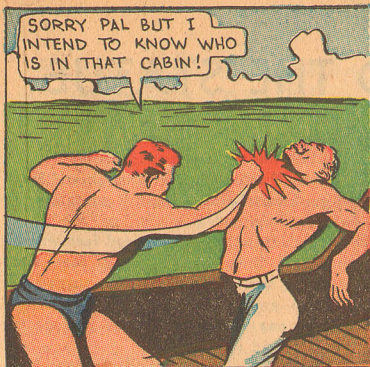


C'MON CORNY, WE'RE GOING TO FIND OUT WHO'S IN THE CABIN. OF THAT BOAT!

RIGHT BUCK!



BUCK AND CORNY SWIM MADLY TO THE OTHER BOAT. —



New York State
New York County }

Statement of Ownership, Management, Circulation, etc., required by the Acts of Congress of August 24, 1912, and March 3, 1933, of Crown Comics published quarterly at New York, N. Y. for June 22, 1946.

State of New York, County of New York, ss. Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared William A. McCombs, who, having duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of Crown Comics and the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 2, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations. 1—That the name and address of the publisher, editor and business manager are: Publisher and editor, Lucile E. McCombs, 1775 Broadway, New York, N. Y. Business Manager, William A. McCombs, 1775 Broadway, New York, N. Y. 2—That the owner is, Lucile E. McCombs, doing business as, Home Guide Publications, 1775 Broadway, New York, N. Y. 3—That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: none. 4—That the two paragraphs next and

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WILLIAM A. MCCOMBS

Name.....

Business Manager

Title.....

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 24 day of June, 1946.

DAVID SERVICE

NOTARY PUBLIC, Bronx County No. 318
N. Y. Co. Clk's No. 1600, Reg. No. 1463-S-8
Commission Expires March 30, 1948

THE COP AND THE STATUE

It was Marty Brian started the story. He swore by all the Irish saints that it was true. It seems that Marty had wandered a bit off his own beat one summer evening and found himself on Morningside Drive, near where the statue of U. S. Grant stands. He glanced up to see another cop, Tom Higgins, standing in front of the statue. Tom didn't hear Marty coming—probably because he was busy talking to the statue!

"A lovely evening, sir," said Tom Higgins. "The kind of evening we used to have when I was a boy in the old country. Soft and warm, kind of like old Mother Nature had taken off her best coat and wrapped the whole world in it."

Now that kind of poetic talk was too much for Marty. He was about to step out and guffaw at Tom when he heard another voice speaking from the shadows near the statue. It was a harsh voice, with a growl in it, and it was answering Tom.

"Sure it's a fine night, Tom Higgins! Too fine to be spoiled by the likes of you spouting such fancy talk. Now get along on your beat and do what a cop is supposed to do—the idea, standing around talking to statues!"

Marty recognized that other voice. It was that of Captain Neil O'Hara, who had risen from pounding a beat, and was a stickler for discipline and attention to duty. Marty slid away into the gloom and double-timed it down the street. And as he went he breathed a sigh of relief that he was not in the boots of Tom Higgins, who was certainly getting a dressing down at that very moment.

The next day in the locker room Marty told the boys all about it. Told it right in front of Tom, who turned a deep shade of crimson and glared at the laughing Marty, but made no explanation of why he had been conversing with a statue.

"It's a poet we have in our midst," said Marty "and every evening he discusses the beauties of nature with his friend, Mr. Grant." Marty roared with laughter. "Don't it get kind of monotonous, Tom, talking to a bronze statue?"

Tom's usually good natured face was set in hard lines and his big fists were doubled, but after a moment he turned and walked away. Everyone breathed easier, for no one wished to see the joke go too far and end in blows.

But just as Tom reached the door Marty opened his big blab again. "And how did Captain O'Hara like your fine talk?" he asked. "Sure he's from the old country himself and he must have hated seeing you waste your blarney on that statue."

Tom, who had been just about to leave, turned slowly around. Several men moved quickly to get between the two. But Tom was smiling now, a wide Irish smile that broke the tension.

"So you heard the Captain?" Tom was still smiling. "You heard what the Captain said to me?"

"Of course. I've got ears, haven't I?" Some of Marty's bluster was gone now and a note of puzzlement was in his voice. "I stood right there behind a tree and heard the Captain catch you talking to that statue. And the sharp edge of his tongue he was giving you, too!"

Tom went up to Marty and stuck out his hand. Marty, who might have been expecting a blow instead, took it cautiously. Tom's smile got wider and, very formal like, he said: "You have made me very happy, Mr. Brian. Very happy indeed—and now a very good evening to you. I have an engagement with a certain bronze gentlemen on Morningside Drive."

And out he goes, whistling, and leaving Marty Brian with an open mouth and staring eyes. When Marty finally remembered to close his mouth he put a finger to his temple and made a little whirling motion.

"I will be a banshee's uncle," said Marty. "The little people have got him!"

So that was the story. It spread until every cop in town knew about Tom Higgins and the statue. It became quite the thing to ask Tom about his friend, Mr. Grant, and to chuckle when he told you that the gentleman was just fine. Tom seemed to take it well, and actually seemed to enjoy being questioned about Mr. Grant.

Then, one night about three months later, Marty Brian again walked down Morningside Drive and straight into trouble!

He was nearing the state of Grant, and wondering where Tom was, when a sedan pulled up just ahead of him. A door opened and Marty saw a man, as limp as an old potato sack, dumped into the gutter. Instinctively he knew the man was dead. He grabbed at his .38 and put a fusillade of shots into the rear of the car, knowing, with a cop's sure knowledge, that he was dealing with killers.

His bullets hit the gas tank and the two rear tires. The car slewed wildly sideways, plowed through a hedge, and stopped against the front of an apartment building.

Marty started to run for the car. Suddenly a man came up out of the wreckage and a machine gun chattered. The hail of tommy gun lead smashed the pistol out of Marty's hand, smashing the bones of the arm with it, and he was facing the killer helplessly. But the death he expected then didn't come. The thug jammed the tommy gun into Marty's belly and told him to turn around, all the time looking at something over Marty's shoulder.

"March over to that statue," snarled the gunman. "And don't move too fast. And you, copper, drop that gun and do the same. One wrong move and your buddy here gets it in the stomach!"

Marty, dazed and sick with the pain in his arm, turned and obeyed. And saw Tom Higgins, to whom the thug has been talking, moving ahead of him. Instantly he understood. Tom had come running up and had had the man covered until he seized Marty for a shield. And rather than shoot it out with the certainty that Marty would

be killed first, Tom had obeyed the killer and dropped his gun.

They reached the statue. The cold snout of the machine gun was in Marty's back. When the gunman spoke again a note of hysteria had crept into his voice. Cold fingers pinched at Marty's spine. The man was obviously doped and intent on killing them both. He and Tom were as helpless as babes.

"They'll maybe get me for this," snarled the man. "But there'll be two coppers that won't know about it. Now you get it..."

A gruff voice spoke from behind the gunman, "You'll get it! If you don't put up your hands!"

The man whirled, cursing. The gun clattered, but the bullets were hardly faster than Tom and Marty, leaping from behind. It was over when Tom laid his big knuckled fist against the man's jaw.

Then Marty looked up. "Gee, Captain O'Hara! If you hadn't come we..."

Marty stopped. Marty stared. There was no one except a frightened janitor from the apartment house. Sirens were beginning to sound now, however, and a red light was closing in some blocks down the drive. And, of course, there was Tom Higgins.

Marty gasped. "But where did the Captain go? I heard his voice. It was him stuck the guy up from behind and..."

"Sure and you're some cop," said the voice of Captain O'Hara. "Not knowing a real man from a bronze statue. And not knowing the real voice of Captain O'Hara from the imitation!"

Marty stared at the statue. It was talking. Then he looked at Tom and caught the slight tremor of his lips. Marty began to laugh. "It was you, Tom Higgins. You and your ventriloquism! But you're good, man. I would have sworn it was the Captain speaking from behind that fellow."

Tom winked at him. "Sure I'm good. I ought to be good. Me and Mr. Grant here have been practising for a long time. But I was getting discouraged until you gave me a boost."

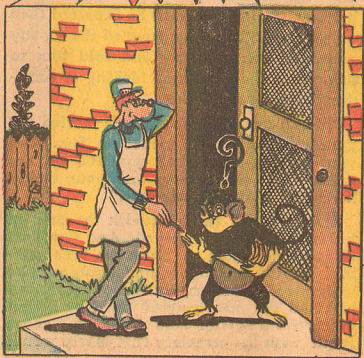
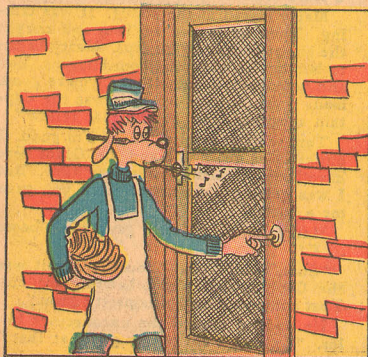
Marty stared. "Me? I gave you a boost..."

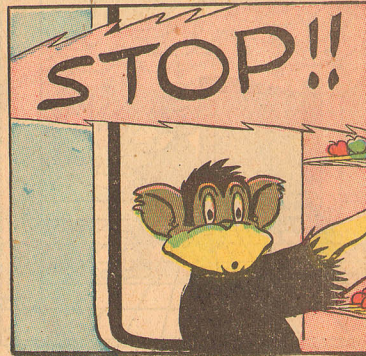
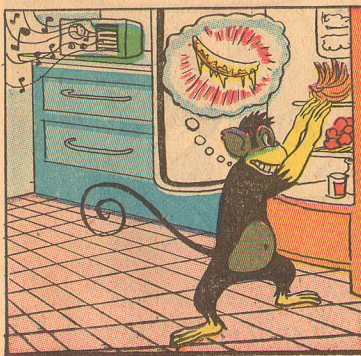
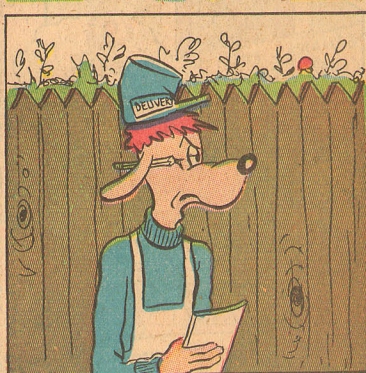
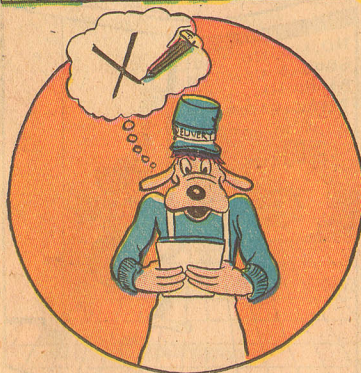
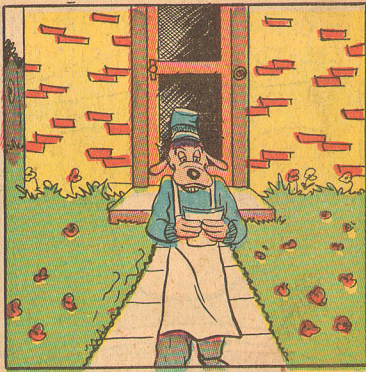
"Sure," said Tom. "You thought it was the Captain that night, bawling me out. That convinced me I was pretty good."

He nodded toward the unconscious killer. "I guess I am pretty good, at that!"

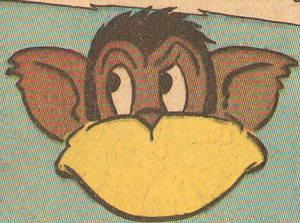
CLARENCE

SO YOU
NEVER SHOULD
PUT BANANAS
IN THE REFRIGERATOR

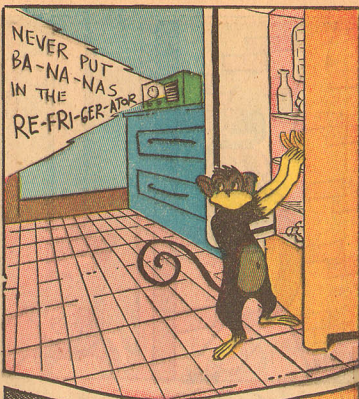




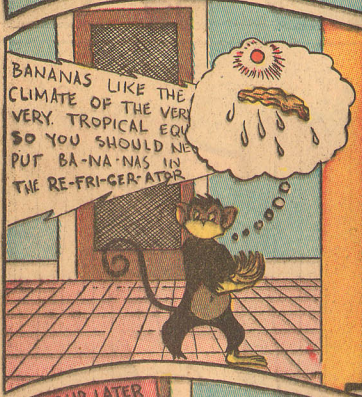
I'M CHIQUITA BANANA AND I'M
HERE TO SAY - YOU SHOULD



NEVER PUT
BA-NA-NAS
IN THE
RE-FRI-GER-ATOR



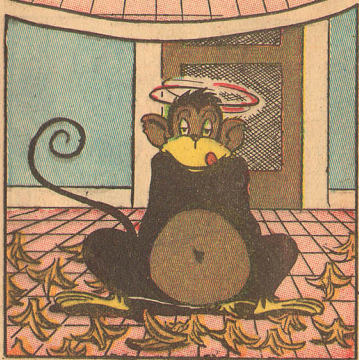
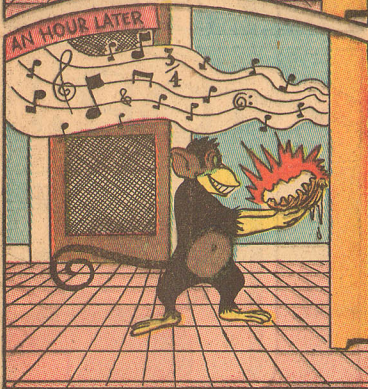
BANANAS LIKE THE
CLIMATE OF THE VERY
TROPICAL EQUATOR
SO YOU SHOULD NEVER
PUT BA-NA-NAS IN
THE RE-FRI-GER-ATOR

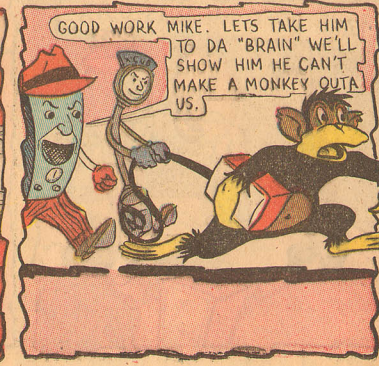
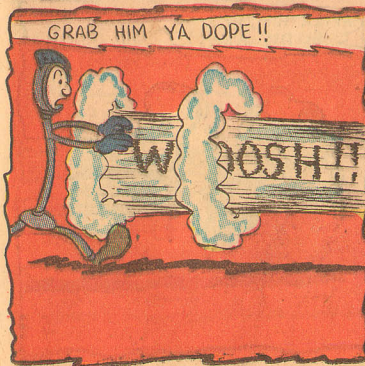
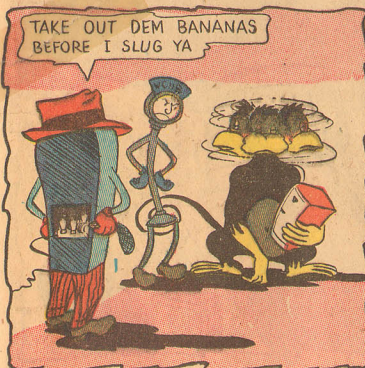
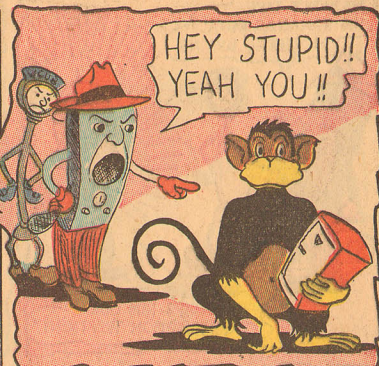
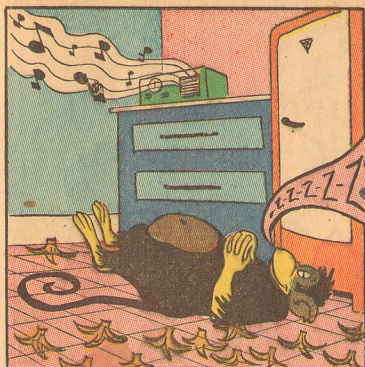


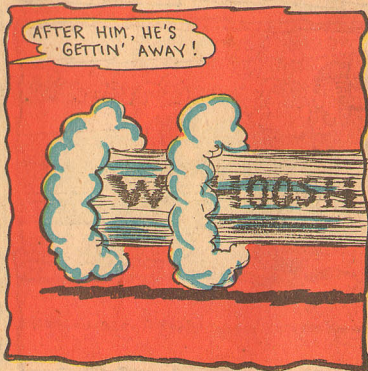
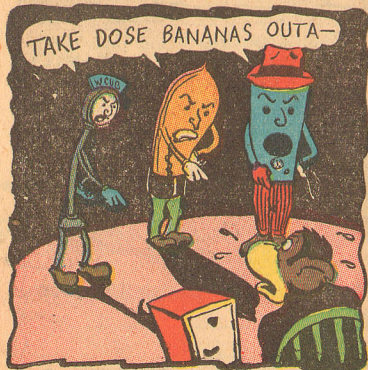
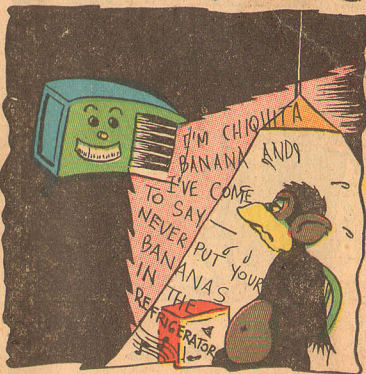
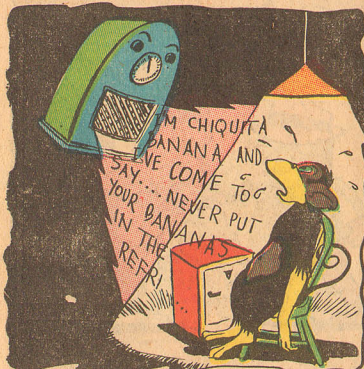
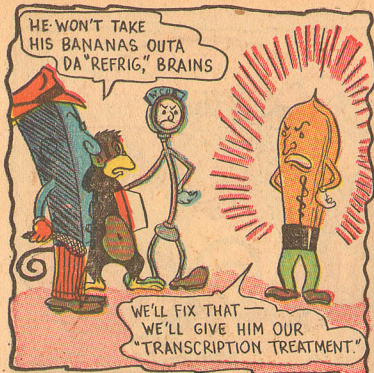
NO, NO, NO, YOU
SHOULD NEVER PUT
BA-NA-NAS, IN THE
REFRIGERATOR -
NO, NO, NO.



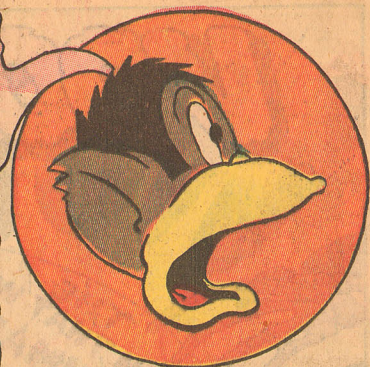
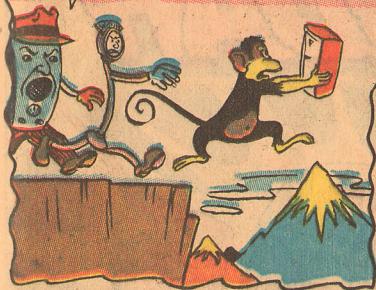
AN HOUR LATER



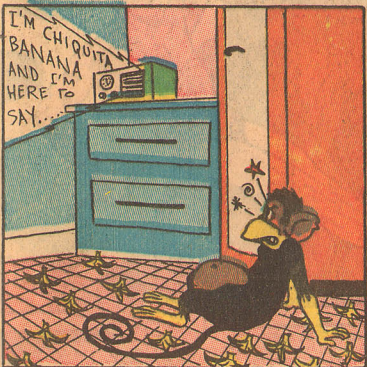




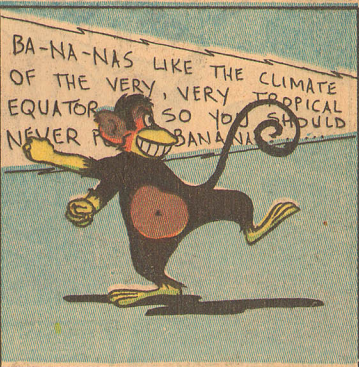
LET HIM GO. HE
CAN'T ESCAPE NOW.



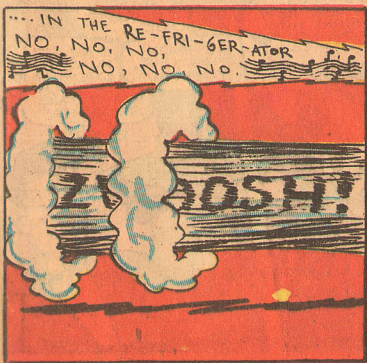
I'M CHIQUITA
BANANA
AND I'M
HERE TO
SAY...



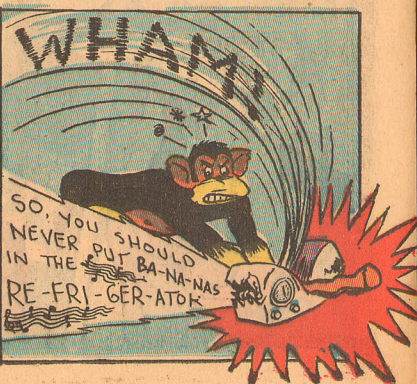
BA-NA-NAS LIKE THE CLIMATE
OF THE VERY, VERY TROPICAL
EQUATOR. SO YOU SHOULD
NEVER PUT BANANA-NAS...



...IN THE RE-FRI-GER-ATOR
NO, NO, NO,
NO, NO, NO.



WHAM!



SO, YOU
NEVER SHOULD
IN THE RE-FRI-GER-ATOR
PUT BANANA-NAS

VOODAH



MUSIC LOVERS AT CONCERT HALL HEAR A STRANGE SOLOIST... AND THEY LOVE IT...

MINUTES LATER, IN TOMKA'S DRESSING ROOM...

ISN'T REID TOMKA SUPERB? WHAT RHYTHM...

BRAVO! WELL DONE, TOMKA!

HURRY, LET'S GO BACKSTAGE. I WANT TO GET AN INTERVIEW FROM HIM FOR MY PAPER...

UGH! THAT GROTESQUE DRUM! I BET THERE'S A GOOD STORY BEHIND THAT, MR. TOMKA...

I NEVER PLAY THAT DRUM. BUT IF YOU WANT THE STORY OF IT...

AND THOSE DRUMS... THEY SEEM ALMOST ALIVE!



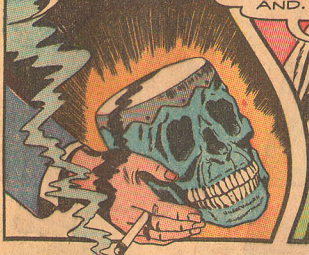
IT'S A WEIRD ACCOUNT... IT BEGAN SOME YEARS AGO WHEN MY LOVE OF DRUMS AND DRUM LORE TOOK ME AS FAR AS AFRICA, AND...

"... MY SEARCH FOR A CERTAIN DRUM PRIEST NAMED SKOLLA, BROUGHT ME DEEP INTO THE JUNGLE... ALL WAS WELL UNTIL ONE DAY MY GUIDES SUDDENLY REFUSED TO TREK FURTHER..."

BUT WE MUST CONTINUE! SKOLLA KNOWS MUCH OF DRUMS, AND...

NO, EWANA. MUCH EVIL. DANGER!

HEAR? IT IS DRUMS!



ALREADY WE HAVE TRAVELED TOO CLOSE... FLEE! FLEE, OR SKOLLA MAKE DRUMS OF US!

LET THEM GO, DRAT THEM! I'LL CARRY ON ALONE... TRY TO TRAVEL TOWARD THE SOUND OF THOSE DRUMS!



"I HADN'T GONE VERY FAR, WHEN..."

WHAT THE...

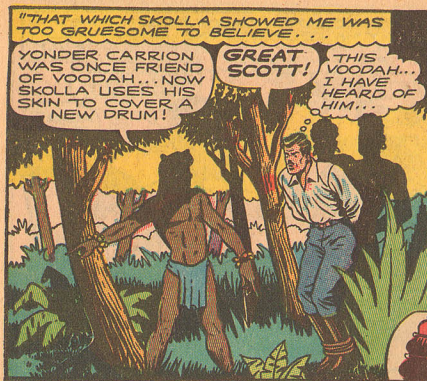
AIEE! DO NOT KILL WHITE STRANGER... SKOLLA WISHES HIM ALIVE!

HOLD! WHITE MAN!

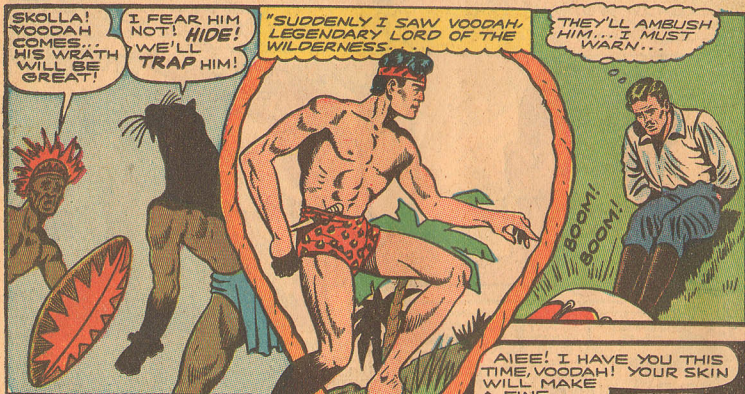
SO YOU ARE TRAVELER WHO SEEKS DRUM KNOWLEDGE? YOU SHALL LEARN MUCH!

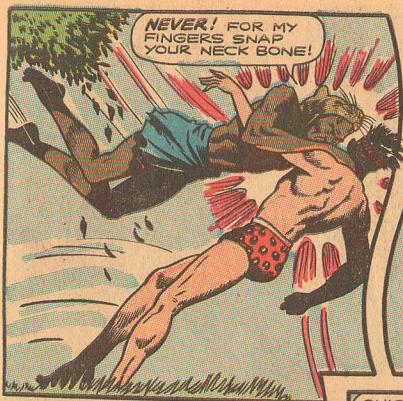
SKOLLA! NO WONDER MY MEN RAN OFF!





VOODAH FORBIDS ME TO MAKE DRUMS. I DEFEY HIM! MY NEXT DRUM SHALL HAVE A **WHITE SKIN!**



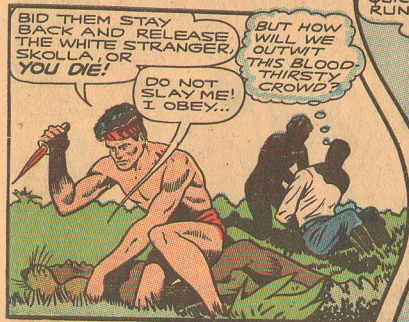


NEVER! FOR MY FINGERS SNAP YOUR NECK BONE!



YOU ARE STRONGER IN THE WAYS OF EVIL THAN THOSE OF BATTLE, CRAFTY ONE!

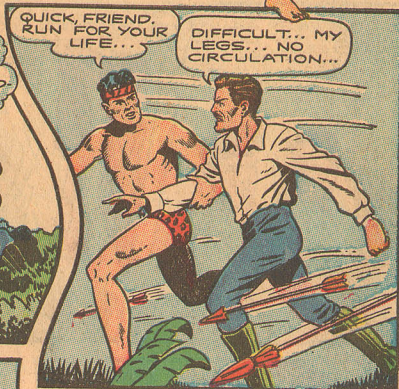
AHH...HELP! WARRIORS...



BID THEM STAY BACK AND RELEASE THE WHITE STRANGER, SKOLLA, OR YOU DIE!

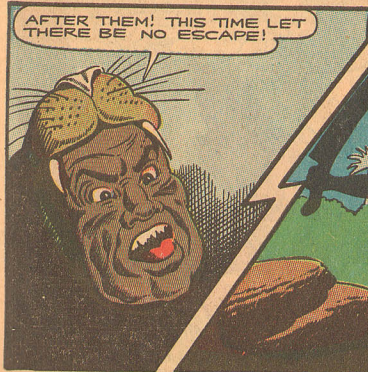
DO NOT SLAY ME! I OBEY...

BUT HOW WILL WE OUTWIT THIS BLOOD-THIRSTY CROWD?

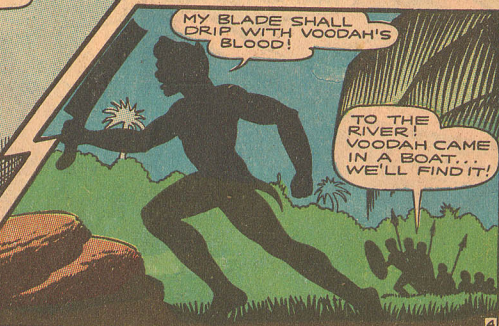


QUICK, FRIEND. RUN FOR YOUR LIFE...

DIFFICULT... MY LEGS... NO CIRCULATION...



AFTER THEM! THIS TIME LET THERE BE NO ESCAPE!



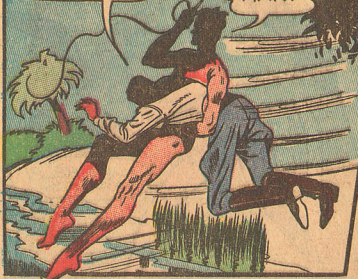
MY BLADE SHALL DRIP WITH VOODAH'S BLOOD!

TO THE RIVER! VOODAH CAME IN A BOAT... WE'LL FIND IT!

"RUNNING DESPERATELY...HELPLESSLY,
ON MY PART...WE FINALLY REACHED
THE RIVER..."

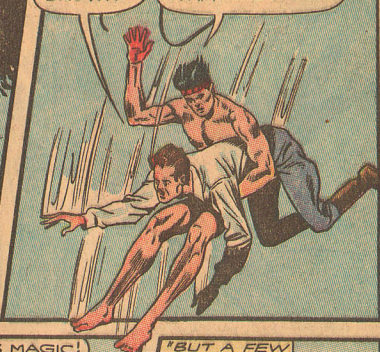
THEY ARE CLOSE
BEHIND US!

I'LL SAVE
YOU, WHITE
MAN.



FALLING...
WE'LL
DROWN!

FEAR NOT...
VOODAH KNOWS
WHAT HE DOES.



"IN THE DEEP REEDS
OF THE RIVER BANK
WE HID...AND
WATCHED..."

SPEAK NOT...THEY
WILL SEARCH WELL...

VOODAH HAS MAGIC!
HE VANISHES LIKE
SMOKE!

SKOLLA
WILL BE
ANGRY...



"BUT A FEW
MINUTES
LATER..."

THEY HAVE GONE...
TO THE BOAT...
WE'LL ESCAPE.

BUT, VOODAH!
LOOK!



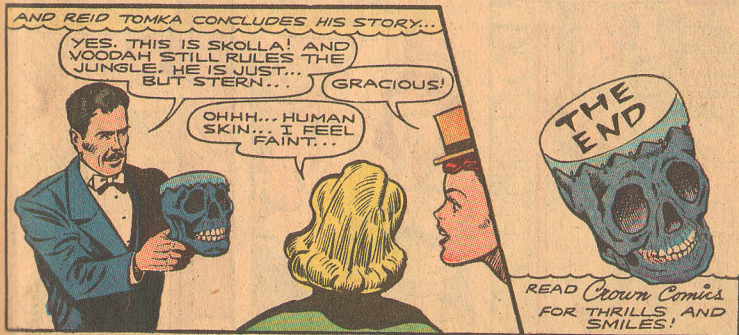
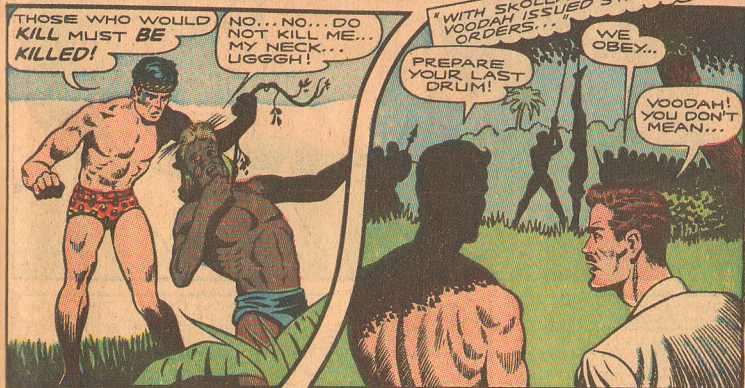
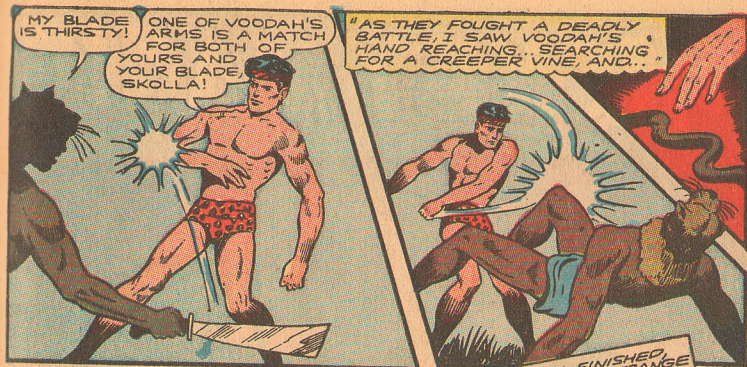
RUINED! THEY
DIDN'T FORGET
THAT AFTER ALL!



NO, VOODAH.
SKOLLA
FORGOT
NOTHING!

SKOLLA!





MICKEY MAGIC



MICKEY PAYS A VISIT TO A CONVALESCENT FRIEND...

GULLY! JIM'S IN A PRIVATE HOSPITAL! REGULAR ARMY HOSPITALS MUST BE TOO CROWDED.



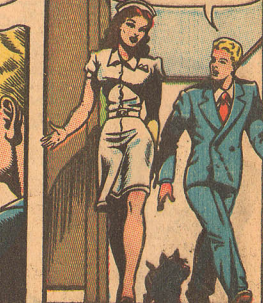
JIM BOYLE? HE'S JUST BEEN DISCHARGED, BUT HE TOLD ME ALL ABOUT YOU, MICKEY!

THEN I MADE THE TRIP FOR NOTHING...



NO YOU DIDN'T. THAT IS, IF YOU'D ENTERTAIN SOME OF THE BOYS. HOW THEY'D LOVE IT...

OF COURSE, BUT I LEFT MY MAGICIAN'S KIT AT HOME. I'LL HAVE TO IMPROVISE.



AND AT THAT MOMENT, JUST DOWN THE CORRIDOR...

POOY! I CAN'T EAT THIS...

TRIFE AGAIN!

THAT DOC IS GYPING US!



SOMETHING'S WRONG. THE ARMY RENTED THIS HOSPITAL AND LEFT DR. FAUST IN CHARGE, BUT WE AIN'T GETTING REGULAR ARMY GRUB. I'M GONNA WRITE A LETTER...



WATCH IT! HERE COMES DR. FAUST NOW!

YES, HE'D LIKE TO GET US ALL IN TROUBLE...

COMPLAINING ABOUT THE FOOD AGAIN? I INTEND TO REPORT YOU ALL AS INSUBORDINATE!



MICKEY OVERHEARS EVERYTHING...

BAD FOOD! BUT DOESN'T THE ARMY PROVIDE THE FOOD?

THE MEN ARE RIGHT, BUT I'D LOSE MY JOB IF I TALKED... OH-OH... CAREFUL...

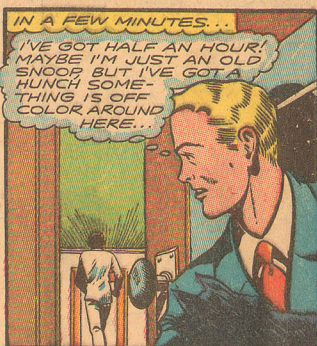
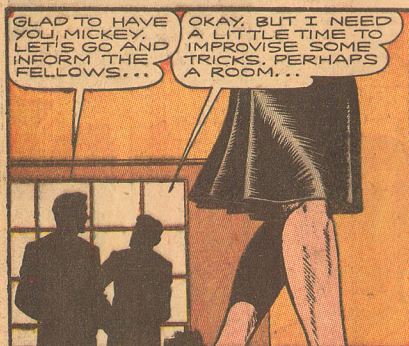


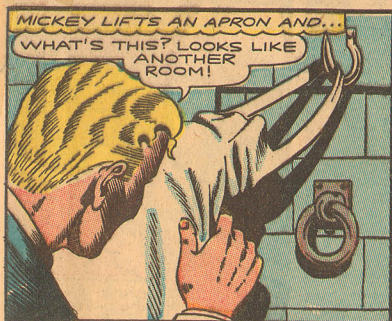
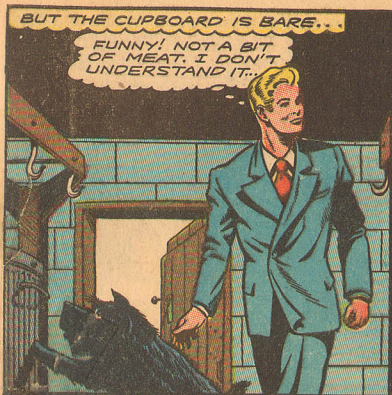
LOITERING IN THE HALLS, JANE? GET BACK TO YOUR DUTIES... AND THIS YOUNG...

ER... THIS IS MICKEY MAGIC. HE'S GOING TO ENTERTAIN US.

RRRR...
GRRRR...







WHAT FOOL LEFT THE DOOR OPEN? WE'VE GOT TO WATCH OUR STEP... THE MEN ARE COMPLAINING AGAIN...

LET 'EM COMPLAIN. AIN'T MY COOKING GOOD ENOUGH?

HEH-HEH! YOUR COOKING... IT'S TERRIBLE!

WE'LL SELL THESE STEAKS AND GIVE THE BOYS TRIPE AGAIN TONIGHT!

HURRY AND COME BACK FOR ANOTHER LOAD. SOME YOUNG FOOL IS GOING TO ENTERTAIN THE MEN...



UGHH...THIS IS HEAVY!

YEAH, BUT WE GET HEAVY CASH FOR IT ON THE BLACK MARKET!

STEALING GOVERNMENT MEAT TO SELL ON THE BLACK MARKET!

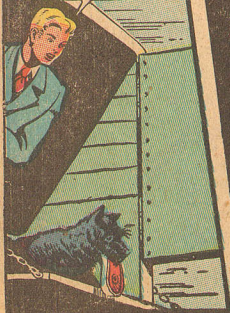


JUMP, TRIXY, GOT TO GET BACK TO THE HOSPITAL AND SHOW DR. FAUST A NEW TRICK.

THAT'S RIGHT, BOY. BRING THE STEAK. YOU'VE GIVEN ME AN IDEA...

AND BACK IN THE KITCHEN, MICKEY FINDS AN OLD NEWSPAPER...

I DON'T WORRY! YOU'LL GET YOUR STEAK BACK... AFTER WE SHOW THAT CROOK UP...



MICKEY QUICKLY
PALMS A NOTE
WRITTEN PREVIOUSLY.

JUST A MINUTE!
HERE'S A NOTE
PINNED TO THE
STEAK... I'LL
READ IT
ALLOUD...

There are many
more like me in
concealed room
in refrigerator.
Dr. Faust has
been selling me
and giving you
poor substitutes!

THAT DARN MAGICIAN...
EVERYTHING'S SPOILED!

MUST
ESCAPE...

THEY'RE
GUILTY.
LOOKIT
'EM RUN!

CALL
THE
F.B.I.!

THEY WON'T GET FAR.
I CALLED THE O.P.A.
AS YOU TOLD ME
TO...

THEY'LL BE
SAFER IN JAIL
THAN AROUND
HERE. TAKE
YOUR STEAK,
TRIXY, YOU
EARNED IT...

AND AT THAT MOMENT...

NO YOU DON'T,
DR. FAUST...

WE WANT TO
HAVE A CHAT
WITH YOU
AT HEAD-
QUARTERS.

WHAT IS
THIS? LET
ME GO...

AND INSIDE...

WON'T YOU HAVE
A STEAK WITH
US, MICKEY MAGIC?

GLAD TO. AND THE
FELLOWS WILL
HAVE ALL THE
STEAK FROM
NOW ON.

HURRY UP, TRIXY, SPELL
IT OUT AND LET'S GO!

THE
FBI

Now you can enjoy POSTWAR WRITING PERFECTION!

WITH THE NEW SMOOTHER-LOOKING
SMOOTHER-WRITING

Arnold

PEN and PENCIL SET

Personalized

WITH YOUR NAME ENGRAVED

IN 23-Kt. GOLD AT THIS
AMAZINGLY LOW COST

only

\$1.95

POSTPAID
TAX FREE

EXCLUSIVE FEATURES:

* Both Pen And Pencil Personalized In Gold.

* Barrel Moulded Of Lustrous Postwar Plastic.

* Military Clip Holds Pen And Pencil Deep In Pocket.

* Beautiful Streamlined Design—Ideal For Women Or Men.

* Handy Lever Fills Pen Easily And Quickly.

* Pen Writes Fine Or Heavy—As You Prefer.

Here's the postwar pen and pencil set as streamlined as 1946! From the top of its lustrous plastic barrel to the tip of its iridium point, the Arnold pen is truly a smooth looking, smooth writing performer. And the Arnold Pencil is its perfect mate! Together they're a triumph! Imagine being able to buy them both for only \$1.95—less than you'd ordinarily expect to pay for the pencil alone. And remember, both your Arnold Pen and Pencil come to you with your name richly engraved in GOLD at no extra cost! You'll carry both with pride; you'll write more smoothly, and you'll take new pride in the writing you do with them. Rush the coupon now!

10-DAY TRIAL

Order your pen and pencil and use them for 10 days. If you don't agree that there is beauty, style and smoothness far beyond the \$1.95 you paid—return your set immediately and we'll cheerfully refund your money. You've nothing to lose and everything to gain. Fill out and mail the coupon today.

MAIL COUPON TODAY!



The Ideal Gift

For Birthday, Wedding, or Anniversary or any occasion an Arnold Pen & Pencil Set makes a perfect gift, handsomely packaged, and with the receiver's name engraved in GOLD.

IMPERIAL INDUSTRIES—Dept. PP-28
608 So. Dearborn St., Chicago 5, Ill.

Please rush my Arnold postwar pen and pencil set.

☐ Enclosed is \$1.95. Please send postpaid with my name engraved in GOLD.

☐ Please ship C.O.D. Enclosed is 50c deposit. Engrave my name in GOLD. I'll pay postman balance plus postage.

NAME DESIRED IN GOLD

PLEASE PRINT

My Name _____

Address _____

City _____

Zone _____

State _____

Biggest Smoker's Value Ever!

Windproof LIGHTER and

Top slides open and pops
up your favorite cigarette

POP-UP

Plastic CIGARETTE CASE

BOTH FOR

\$2.98

TAX FREE
POST PAID

A Matched Set

You'll Be Proud

To Give or Get

*Both
Personalized*

With a Rich Silver on Black
MONOGRAMMED INITIAL
of your own choice

For Your
Smoking
Pleasure

A THRILL BY THEMSELVES
... A TRIUMPH TOGETHER

Take the lighter, for instance! It's a genuine "Feather Lite," cased in gleaming heat resistant black plastic. Famed for the instant, positive action it's the favorite "flame" of smokers the nation over. Just a twirl of your thumb lights it—and its wind guard keeps it lit. And if you want the joy of added smoking pleasure, your answer is the matching POP-UP cigarette case, which is actually a cigarette butler too, ready to serve you on split-second notice! Every cigarette that bobs up out of a POP-UP is invitingly fresh, firm and enjoyably fragrant! They're a peach of a pair, both yours to own for only \$2.98—and if you don't think you've bought a double value after seeing your thrilling twosome—we'll refund your money cheerfully... quick as a flash... And that's a promise!

MAIL THIS COUPON FOR SMOKER SET

IMPERIAL INDUSTRIES—Dept. RP-78
618 So. Dearborn St., Chicago 5, Ill.

PRINT INITIAL
IN THIS BOX ☐

Please rush Feather Lite Windproof Lighter and Matching POP-UP Cigarette case personalized with initial printed in box above.

CHECK ONE

☐ I am enclosing \$2.98. Send my Personalized Smoker Set Postpaid
☐ Send my Personalized Smoker Set C.O.D. I will pay postman \$2.98 plus postage.

Name _____

Please Print Clearly

Address _____

City _____

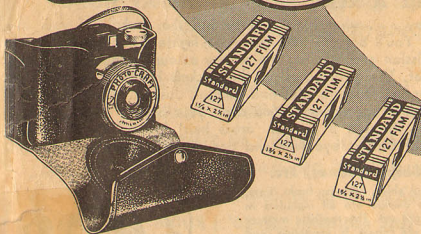
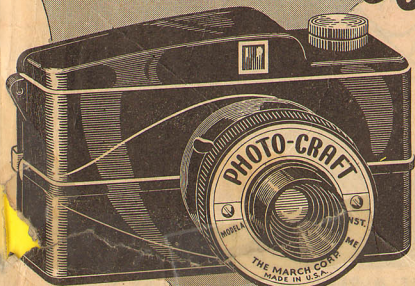
Zone _____

State _____

Here's The Greatest Offer Ever Made To Amateur Camera Fans!

**For Only \$3.98 You Get A Complete
5-PIECE CANDID TYPE CAMERA OUTFIT**

Plus a chance to **WIN \$500.00 CASH**



Outfit Includes All This:

- ★ **Genuine Prize-Winning PHOTO-CRAFT CAMERA**
- ★ **Shoulder Strap CARRYING CASE**
- ★ **3 ROLLS of No. 127 FILM**
- ★ **Entry Blank in Amateur Picture-Taking Contest for Best Pictures Taken with a Prize-Winning Photo-Craft Camera**

58 Awards, Totaling \$1250.00

1st Prize \$500
2nd Prize \$250
3rd Prize \$100
25-\$10 Hon. Mentions \$250
30-\$5 Merit Awards \$150

**ALL
FOR ONLY**

\$3.98
POST
PAID

PICTURES YOU TAKE TODAY

WILL BE THE TREASURES of TOMORROW

And, with your very first Photo-Craft snapshot, you may win a treasure for yourself, today. For your Prize-Winning Photo-Craft Candid Camera outfit comes to you ready to go to work — with a handy shoulder strap carrying case AND enough film for 48 exposures — for only \$3.98. Imagine getting for so little a camera capable of taking Prize-Winning pictures! You need no special skill to operate a Photo-Craft. Even if you have never used ANY camera, the Photo-Craft is so simple and "picture-sure" that the first picture you take of a loved one, your Mom, or family pet may be a "Prize Winner" — a picture that may earn you as much as \$500. And remember your Photo-Craft will also take full color pictures when loaded with colorchrome film. So whether for a gift or for yourself, order your Photo-Craft now. Complete details of the great \$1,250 Prize Contest are included with your Prize-Winning, 5-piece Photo-Craft outfit.

**Sold on an "Examine At Our Risk"
GUARANTEE OF SATISFACTION**

Yes, if you don't feel that Photo-Craft is everything you expected, you may return it in 10 days for complete refund.

LOOK AT

THESE FEATURES!

- ★ **Genuine Grunau Ground and Pitch Polished Lens**
- ★ **Takes 16 Pictures on Any Standard No. 127 Film**
- ★ **Will Take Pictures in Full Color**
- ★ **Has "Bullseye" Level View Finder**
- ★ **Easy, Simple, Foolproof Operation**
- ★ **Built-in No-Glare Sun Shade**

RUSH THIS COUPON FOR CAMERA OUTFIT

NATIONAL NOVELTIES, Dept. PW-18
608 South Dearborn St., Chicago 5, Ill.

Rush my Prize Winning Photo-Craft outfit at \$3.98 with Handy Shoulder Strap Carrying Case and 3 rolls of No. 127 Film—and complete details of the Photo-Craft \$1,250 Contest for Amateur Camera Fans.

My money will be refunded if returned in 10 days.

CHECK ONE

- ☐ I'm enclosing \$3.98 in full payment. Ship Postpaid.
- ☐ Ship C.O.D. I'll pay postman \$3.98 plus postage.

Name _____
(Please Print Clearly)
Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

BOMBS AWAY!

**BIG ENOUGH
TO SIT IN!**

**AUTHENTIC
BOMBARDIER
COCKPIT
with TARGETS
and BOMBS**



21" AUTHENTIC
INSTRUMENT PANEL

BE A REAL PILOT RIGHT AT HOME!

Oh boy . . . what fun to sit behind the cockpit of your own plane. You'll actually feel like a real fighter pilot out on a bombing mission and blasting the enemy as our famous pilots did in the war. The dash board of the cockpit is 21 inches high with regular-size steering stick and gauges. Just like the controls and dials of a real airplane. You drop your bombs on scale model targets through a regular 'cross hair' bombsight. The pilot's physical fitness, eye test and coordination tests are included.

HERE'S ALL YOU GET!

COMPLETE COCKPIT

Dashboard (21" high) with movable gauges, steering 'stick' and rudders. Copied from real bombing planes.

SECRET BOMBSIGHT

Actual 'cross hair' bombsight that was used by our precision bombardiers. Mirror reflectors guide you.

FLYING INSTRUCTIONS

A complete book on "How to Fly." Every detail on flying and maneuvering is included.

LAND, SEA AND AIR TARGETS

Model ships, planes, tanks, cars are included to test your bombing skill.

PHYSICAL TEST

Pilot's physical test, eye and coordination test included.

AIR GAME

Plane recognition and air game adds fun.

ALL PARTS MOVABLE

Sink Ships, Planes, Etc.

Scale model ships, planes, tanks, cars, ammunition dumps are all included in this mammoth set. The realistic military land and sea chart is revolving and keeps you alert for dropping your bombs. Many war games in one . . . in the Air, on Land, on Sea. It's fun.

OVER 100 MOVING PARTS

Yes . . . everything works. The real gauges on the dashboard are movable . . . your targets are movable . . . your 'stick' is movable . . . and your bombs actually drop from the bomb chute onto the target. It's a real copy of a bombing plane.

**You Get to Keep This
FLYER'S GOOD LUCK
RABBIT'S FOOT
FREE!
IF NOT SATISFIED**



Yes, if you're not simply delighted with your Bombardier Set, you may return it for a full refund—and still keep the Rabbit's Foot (the kind carried by pilots who believe in good luck charms) absolutely free with our best wishes for Good Luck to You!

\$1.98

IMPERIAL INDUSTRIES, Dept. B 17
608 So. Dearborn St., Chicago 5, Ill.

Please rush my BOMBARDIER SET as checked below. If not delighted I may keep the Flyer's Good Luck Rabbit's Foot as a gift and return the BOMBARDIER SET for a full refund.

CHECK ONE

- ☐ I'm enclosing \$1.98 payment in full. Ship postpaid.
☐ Ship C.O.D. I'll pay postman \$1.98 plus postage charges.

Name

(Please Print Clearly)

Address

City

Zone

State